

# The Tragedie of Hamlet

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall vnfold.

*Ham.* Speake, I am bound to heare.

*Ghost.* So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

*Ham.* What?

*Ghost.* I am thy fathers spirit,  
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,  
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,  
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison house,  
I could a tale vnfolde whose lightest word  
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particuler haire to stand an end,  
Like quills vpon the fearefull Porpentine,  
But this eternall blazon must not be  
To eares of flesh and blood, list, list, ô list:  
If thou did'st euer thy deare father loue,

*Ham.* O God.

*Ghost.* Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murther.

*Ham.* Murther.

*Ghost.* Murther most foule, as in the best it is,  
But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.

*Ham.* Hast me to know'r, that I with wings as swift  
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue  
May sweepe to my reuenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt,  
And duller shouldst thou be then the fat weede  
That rootes it selfe in ease on *Lethie* wharffe,  
Would'st thou not sturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,  
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,  
A Serpent stung me, so the whole eare of Denmarke  
Is by a forged processe of my death  
Ranckely abus'd: but knowe thou noble Youth,  
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life  
Now weares his Crowne.

*Ham.* O my propheticke soule! my Vncle

# Prince of

*Ghost.* I that incestuous, that  
With witchcraft of his wits, wi  
O wicked wit, and giftes that h  
So to seduce; wonne to his shan  
The will of my most seeming ve  
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was th  
From me whose loue was of tha  
That it went hand in hand, eue  
I made to her in marriage, and  
Vppon a wretch whose natura  
To those of mine; but vertue a  
Though lewdnesse court it in a  
So but though to a radiant An  
Will sort it selfe in a celestia  
And pray on garbage.  
But soft, me thinkes I sent the  
Briefe let me be; sleeping with  
My custome alwayes of the aft  
Vpon my secure houre, thy V  
With iuyce of cursed Hebona  
And in the porches of my eare  
The leaprous distilment, whos  
Holds such an enmitie with bl  
That swift as quicksiluer it cou  
The naturall gates and allies o  
And with a sodaine vigour it d  
And curde like eager dropping  
The thin and whollome blood  
And a most instant tetter barcl  
Most Lazerlike with vile and l  
All my smooth body.  
Thus was I sleeping by a broth  
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene  
Cut off euen in the blossomes o  
Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnar  
No reckning made, but sent to  
Withall my imperfections on  
O horrible, ô horrible, most ho  
If thou hast nature in thee bea

*Ghost.*